

for effect; but no! every article of furniture its proper parallel, and every chair at right with its neighbor, while books and knickknacks, room luxuries, were unknown.

abuse the tedious hours of my husband's absence into the kitchen and offered to assist in making a pudding. My overtures were received, but I thought that that might be my, and I proceeded to break the eggs, giving only the raisins to pick.

"I don't put so much milk as that ere in pudding, Nancy, eyeing me keenly.

mother had taught me the culinary arts with care, and I felt on strong ground while I demanded quantity of milk. Nancy answered me with some heat, and when she found me following my own recipe in silence, she dashed the all of flour on the table, and putting her arms o, said,

ell, Miss Packard, if you will spoil the puddin, I like it yourself!"

is thunderstruck! A bride, to whom for a I had submitted as to a queen; from whom I had been favored, and requests privileges! I blood rush to my face, my hands trembled, aching to expose my agitation, I quietly laid the materials I was preparing, and said, with a effort at calmness,

ish the pudding, and bake it for dinner."— actions of a Housekeeper.

IES.—It is a strange delusion for men to sup- ant happiness consists in riches. Contentment be found in splendor and magnificence: or it that princes have sometimes exchanged the ur of a palace for the more simple enjoyment of a life? Why is the countenance of the rich urrowed with thought and anxiety, while the o on which God hath given them? Why does n who has grown in wealth look back to the f his poverty and ask himself why he cannot oice over the much as he then did over the fit-

MAN'S NOBLEST ACT.

ve said that in the works of benevolence hu- ertion produces the greatest and the most enet effect. History is filled with illustrations rth of this remark. The world has for nearly usand years been filled with the fame of Julius

He was the master spirit of his age; and y was that age agitated by the workings of his

But what traces has he left upon the ages

come after him? In what is the world

he better or the worse for his having lived?

And I would have been as wise and as happy,

his fame and his achievements had never

the limits of Brundisium. But it is not so

the apostle of the Gentiles. The effect of his

seen in the revolution of a world from Pagan-

Christianity. Every thing we behold around

rich distinguishes us from the savage Britons,

witness to the changes which through the

of the gospel, he has wrought in the destinies

n. Of Charles V. I have read much, but I see

on the face of society that reminds me of his

But this solid temple, the liberty to wor-

ded within its consecrated walls, the civil free-

of our commonwealth and our country, and all

ar of improvement in which the age hath

all, all of it does homage to the name of Martin

Such examples as these, (and history is full

m), teach us, that in the works of benevolence,

may act most worthily of his high destination.

each us, moreover, that this is the cause, and

y cause, to the success of which the omipote-

God is pledged, and which, therefore, though

other should fail, shall infallibly succeed. But

not left to conjecture on this subject. Jeho-

himself hath promised that vice and misery

done away by human effort, and planting on

the cross of his beloved Son, he hath left to

universe the all-sufficient guarantee that the

shall be fully and triumphantly accomplished.—

AND.

IND.—A young man, who had attended more

cultivation of his heels than of his mind, flatter-

himself that he could better his condition by

his feet, rather than an empty skull,—issued

owing proposals:—

a Sing Skull.—miss ter lightfoot proposes toe

dancing scull in witch the hellgout hart will

it in the new west fashion. Lad dies and gen-

hoo may see fight to patron eyes him in his

ake in will please to sin there names to this ear

Note a Bean a Skull toe bee a pin as son as

a sinners do sin."

ark.—Very appropos for a dancing master.

ORD'S HISTORY OF MASSACHUSETTS.—

History of Massachusetts, for two hundred years,

1620 to 1820—by Allen Bradford. For sale by RUS-

SELL, OGDEN & CO., 421 Washington Street.

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CHARLES B. MASON has removed from No. 15 Dock

are to No. 10 Clinton Street, where he keeps constant-

and a good assortment of Hats, Caps and Umbrellas,

and Caps made to order at short notice.

March 11.

GEESSE AND RUSSIA FEATHERS,

at Nos. 8 & 10 Dock Square, Boston.

ERS & HASKELL offer for sale best Northern and

stern Live Geese and Russia FEATHERS, which are

of free from snell or mottos. March 11.

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SE'S MANUAL and YOUNG MOTHER'S GUIDE;

aining advice on the management of infants; and

and S. Kinsom, M. D.

object of the author of this book is to enter into

the details of the Nurse's duty to the infant, during the first

of his life. The advice given to young mothers will

be generally beneficial, as previous circumstances, or their

easy of feeling, may often prevent them from gaining

more experienced friends.

ished in this city by RUSSELL, OGDEN & CO.,

Washington street. March 11.

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ZION'S



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BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR.
ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

David H. Ela, Printer.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MR. EDITOR.—By the politeness of a friend, I have just received the "Liberator" for Feb. 28th, containing Prof. Whedon's article entitled "Foreign Interference," and headed with the following caption, by the Editor:—

"The following article we have perused with feelings of horror. Its spirit is clearly murderous, especially as it is manifested in the words we have italicized. He who can thus write, like an assassin, needs only darkness, opportunity, and courage, to strike a deadly blow. Who or what is this author, we know not, except that we believe he is a professor, in the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., and the sanguinary advocate of the American Colonization Society. We presume he is from the South, and a slave-holder, or the son of a slave-holder. His piece is calculated to stir up the evil passions of wicked men, and to lead them to assassinate the noble philanthropist whom it attacks. It has been long apparent that the Wesleyan University is one of the strongest holds of Southern despotism. It will be remembered that our esteemed brethren, Charles Stuart and Charles W. Denison, were mobbed in Middletown; much to the gratification of many of the students of the University."

I do not quote the above with an idea of answering it, or entering any defence against the gratuitous slander it contains. The character of the paragraph, and the character of the source whence it emanates, unite in forbidding such a course. My principal object, in presenting the above paragraph, is to show the readers of the Herald to what a pitch of acrimony and gall the modern spirit of abolitionism is propelling its votaries. This is a fair specimen of the articles and lectures that frequently drop from their lips. It is really wonderful to witness how poor human nature is hurried into extremes, by strong exciting causes. Men will start on some truly benevolent object, with much of the milk of human-kindness in their bosoms; but after a little excitement and agitation, this milk of charity is changed into gall and wormwood. In the pursuit of their favorite object, every one that differs from them, even in the mode of its accomplishment, is anathematized; and like Jehu, while they are publicly boasting of their zeal for God, they are evidently more under the influence of selfish purposes, than of love to God or man;—their benevolence towards the object of their pursuit is sometimes equalled, to say the least, by their malevolence towards all who differ from them. The more exciting the subject, the more likely that this result will follow.

I wish to say, affectionately and earnestly, to my brethren of the N. E. and N. H. Conferences, beware how you give yourselves up to the "system of agitation," that, by foreign and domestic influence, is now in operation among us. Though unworthy to give counsel, still I beg my brethren, ministers and laymen, to bear with me, while I expostulate with them for a few moments, and caution them on this subject. I know caution here, is stigmatized with the epithet—"apologizing for slavery." There are men who, the moment we open our lips in this way, cry out "Apologists for slavery! apologists for slavery!"

The man who excuses the sin of his neighbor, is as bad as the sinner himself. But, brethren, I trust you are not yet prepared to go such lengths in censure and reproach. Still you are in danger, perhaps, of drinking into this spirit. For it is evidently the very spirit of the party. Will my brother say, "We have nothing to do with Garrison: it is the cause we advocate; the cause is not identified with Garrison?" But stop, my brother, a moment—it may be you do not understand all the parts of this foreign and domestic machinery. Let me call your attention to a few facts in the case. It is a fact that among our own brethren, among our own ministers, we have men who are countenancing and patronizing this same Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Would you have thought it?—one of our ministers, a man rather noted for his candor and kindness, has already drunk so deep of this spirit, that he is circulating gratuitously, as I am informed, and at his own expense, one hundred copies weekly, of this same Liberator. Yes, one hundred copies of the above paragraph, slandering an Institution of which he has been one of the official Board, as well as slandering also some of his brethren in the ministry, is by him sent abroad, as matter of so much consequence to the Church, that he can afford to give it a gratuitous circulation! This strikes me as practically endorsing the paragraph; as giving it the influence of his individual sanction and recommendation. It is true he may say, he is not to be held responsible for every paragraph in the Liberator, because he patronizes the paper. And the plea would have some force in it, if this were a solitary case. But this is a fair specimen of the spirit of the Editor. Such writings are the element in which he lives and moves; and by which he "agitates," as he is able, the public mind. Nevertheless, the brother alluded to, endorses for him in a general way, and as yet I have heard no public protest from that quarter, against any of the bills of his favorite Editor.

Look at another fact. Several of the ministers of the two conferences, men of known integrity, piety, intelligence and candor, have come out with an address, directly and pointedly inveighing against the constituted authorities and some of the regulations of their own Church. And so eager did the writer of that article seem, to convict the authorities of the Church of acting unconstitutionally, that he has entirely neglected to acquaint himself with the history of the facts in the case, though it is a part of the history of his own Church. Or what is more probable, he has been misled, by taking for his text-book on this subject, the statement of a certain abolitionist author, who is not only not of us, but so far as I am informed, has no particular affinity for us.

Let me direct your attention to another fact. Several of our good brethren have felt it their duty to call the attention of the public to Mr. George Thompson, an English lecturer, who has been gratuitously sent over here, for the express purpose of keeping up a "three years' agitation" among us, with the hope that by that time we shall get so excited as to be able to keep up the agitation without "foreign aid." These brethren tell us, that this Mr. Thompson is a man of an excellent spirit, an undoubted Christian, mild, amiable, and gentlemanly; as well as remarkably eloquent. Be it so: we will not pretend to dispute them. The inference, however, is, that such a man would be one of the last to be carried away by a Garrison spirit; either to feel it himself, or approve of it in others. And yet listen to what Mr. T. says of the abolition cause, and of the Liberator. In this very same No. from which the above libel is taken, Mr. Thompson says:—

"Does any ask—What can I do for the relief and improvement of the colored race? I reply, Subscribe for the Liberator." "To all the true lovers of the cause I say—Take the Liberator—pay for the Liberator—read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the Liberator—lend the Liberator."

And this quotation is not half he says in favor of the Liberator. He says the "principles of the Liberator are the very best, for this and every age, till time shall be no longer." Can any one doubt of Mr. Thompson's identity with the Liberator? With the Liberator, then, let him stand or fall. The readers of the Herald have seen in a late article from Prof. Whedon, how recklessly the Editor of the Liberator denounced his own government, at a public meeting in a foreign kingdom, where he and his colleague Thompson were side by side, in the same cause. And now Mr. T. has come hither and joins hands again with his brother of the Liberator, to create an "excitement" among us. And we, forsooth, are to be taught by this union of foreign and domestic influence, not only the utter worthlessness, but abandoned wickedness of our constitution—and when it is broken up, what shall we have in its stead? Do not these men see that ruin to the master and slave, ruin to the nation, will be the consequence? Yes, ruin, probably, to the cause of freedom itself, throughout the world? Then will the Holy Alliance, then will the autocrats and despots of the eastern hemisphere hold their jubilee, and the chains of millions of slaves will be riveted for centuries! Can any one doubt but these men, as soon as they feel themselves strong enough, will attack the constitution? They have already denounced it as wicked! desperately wicked! And one of their maxims is, "We are not to look at consequences." Whatever is judged to be sinful must be assailed at once, and without any reserve. Of course, the way is already prepared for the attack upon the constitution—for the constitution is a crying sin—God abhors it! abolitionists abhor it—"Never mind consequences!" Break up the sinful instrument! cut asunder the cords of wickedness that bind us together!—it is but an unholy conspiracy against God and man! The time, Christian brethren, is not far distant, in my opinion, when, if the leaders in this business can get enough of you and of your fellow citizens generally, to join them, we shall have an abolition party in politics, and an abolition party in the Church. What else are we to infer from the circumstance that all this excitement is got up in the free States, and especially in New England, where we are all opposed to Slavery? What else can we infer from the thorough organization that is going on? the system of agitation that is kept up by lecturers, periodicals, and the like? And especially, who can doubt but such a thing is contemplated, when we hear already, in the leading abolition journals, the mustering of the political partisans—the denunciation of those members of Congress, from the North, who thought it not expedient, at this peculiarly excited session of Congress, to agitate the slave question? and when, also, we hear church members and ministers in the North, denouncing their Southern brethren, who are so unfortunate as to be identified with Slavery, in States where they are not allowed to free their slaves, as man-stealers and robbers? And when that party gets raised, brethren, you will find it one of the most proscriptive and bitter that ever agitated the American public. Then will you find men enlisting in this cause, for other motives than those of compassion for the poor slave. Then you will find lecturers going about our country, without pay, to detail deeds of horror and scenes of blood, till the public sympathies are lashed up almost to madness,—and all to get votes and office. Does not the history of some recent public excitements, in our own country, authorize this foreboding? Do not the inspiring anthems that these men now deal out against all who differ from them, forebode this? Does not the doctrine that the constitution is wicked, joined with the principle of action, that we are always to attack wickedness, regardless of consequences, portend something serious? Anathematizing leaders at home, will send men of like spirit to Congress; and when they get there, what will they do? abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia? That is easily done. What next? The party is formed—the artillery is planted—mutual attacks and repulses will increase the heat and inflame the passions,—the political engine is in operation, the steam is up, and the power is tremendous! Will they stop here? Abolitionists may affect to smile at all this—but I put it to the reflecting man, the man of intelligence and forecast, whether there is not at this moment a gathering together and a stirring up of elements, that tend to this result?

I trust in God it shall not be. I trust there is yet enough of cool and intelligent deliberation, in church and state, to prevent such a catastrophe. But I have not the least doubt, if those who are leaders in getting up this agitation can succeed, the catastrophe will be ruinous. Brethren, I entreat of you, think of

"So then it has come out at last, what we in New England can do for the slave: we must take the Liberator!! pay for the Liberator!!!"

these things. The subject, in this view of it, may be new to many of you; and all I ask is, that you should not be carried away by the philanthropic appearance of the cause. The enemy always chooses a good soil, in which to sow his tares; and he always sows them among wheat, and he does it while men sleep.

Wesleyan University, March 9, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

A STING IN THE CONSCIENCE.

"Will you go to meeting and hear our minister preach to-day?" said a serious man to his beloved friend.

"No, I cannot to-day," was the immediate answer; "certainly not to-day."

"Why not to-day?"

"Because I have agreed to attend the fair next week. I am certain that Mr. A.—will preach against going to such places to-day. The impression will be so lasting that if I go at all, I must go with a sting in my conscience."

Cannot some fashionable professor make the application? How often do they say in their hearts, at least, "I will not go and hear such faithful preaching, for if I do I cannot indulge in frivolous amusements without a sting in my conscience." A.

North Malden, Feb. 19, 1835.

We would again call attention to the articles of Athanasius. They present Universalism in a light most unenviable, showing it to be a theological abortion, altogether irreconcilable with reason, common sense, revealed or natural religion. We hope he will continue to speak the truth with all plainness.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

NO. VI.

DEAR SIR.—To give some idea of the men who are the leaders of ultra-Universalism, and of the estimation in which they hold themselves, and the importance of their instructions, I refer you to the "Light of Truth," page 101. The writer is J. S. Thompson, a Universalist minister. "Friends, I undertake to disprove the wicked doctrine of hell torments. If I succeed I shall achieve for you a more glorious victory than that of which a Washington could boast, and introduce a new epoch in history, more important than ever has yet been commemorated by the offspring of Adam."

This writer has undertaken to do something more important than was ever done by Washington, or even by Jesus Christ. "The offspring of Adam have commemorated" the works of God, in the creation, preservation, and redemption of the whole world. There are some concessions in this piece of bombast, which need to be noticed.

1. That up to the time of writing this sermon, the doctrine of "hell torments" had never been disproved; otherwise his disproving it would not "introduce a new epoch in history." Where then is the antiquity of Universalism?

2. He concedes the fact, that the doctrine stands on so firm a base, and is so firmly supported, that the work of disproving it will be a greater work than any other which the offspring of Adam have ever commemorated; not excepting the works of creation, preservation, and redemption. We know how to prize the concessions of an enemy, and would request your wise men to show us one distinctive feature of your system, which will require so great an effort to disprove it. This doctrine must stand on so firm a base, by his showing, that an infinite power will be necessary to overthrow it.

ATHANASIUS.

Manchester, Jan. 30, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

SCRIPTURE EXPOSITION.

NO. V.

"Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God."—1 JOHN III. 9.

This text seems to have been misunderstood by many, both of those who advocate, and those who oppose Christian perfection. The view of the anti-perfectionists, which is, that those "born of God" do not sin habitually, is unworthy of serious refutation. By the advocates of Christian perfection, this text has been thought to be only applicable to those who are "entirely sanctified." But it does not seem necessary to give it this restricted application. On the contrary, it seems to be applicable to all true believers in Christ. Certainly nothing more is expressed in the phrase "born of God," than is said of all Christians; and the reason given, why he doth not sin, "for his seed remaineth in him," is more properly given in relation to the case of those who are only "born of God," in the common acceptance of that term, than in the case of the "entirely sanctified." The more proper reason in the latter case would be, he that is born of God doth not commit sin, because he is wholly freed from it. This more extended application of the text agrees perfectly with the Scripture view of the manner in which believers stand in this affiliated relation, "the just shall live by faith." This certainly applies to all believers. Thus, then, in order to lay claim to the character of the "born of God," in any sense, we must "live by faith." But that "lives by faith" does not commit sin; he cannot do it while he thus lives; for the two principles of living faith and sin, cannot operate in the same person at one and the same time. When faith reigns, or when the person lives by it, he does not, he cannot commit sin. When sin reigns in our "mortal bodies," faith dies, and consequently we are not then the "born of God"—for this character and relation is supported by faith alone. Hence it appears, that so long as we are children of God, we live without committing sin, and that as soon as we give way to sin, we lose our acceptance with God, and with it our character as "children." Agreeable to this is the doctrine of Mr. Wesley, as stated in the celebrated Minutes of 1770. Does not talking of a justified or sanctified state tend to mislead men? almost naturally leading them to trust

in what was done in one moment? whereas we are every hour and every moment pleasing or displeasing God, according to our works." Here we are taught that to talk of a justified state as the result of a momentary operation upon the heart, is to deceive ourselves: and that there is no state of justification the sole work of a momentary operation. Hence it appears that the faith exercised at the time of conversion, procures for us no justification that extends beyond the pardon of our past sins up to the time we thus believe: that our justification and acceptance with God, through every successive minute of our after lives, depend upon our exercising faith through each of those successive minutes. Reader, think of this!

J. HAMILTON.

East Randolph, Mass., March 16, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

CONSISTENCY OF COLONIZATION.

MR. EDITOR.—Dr. Fisk, in his abundant praise of the Colonization Society, says, that it is "A Society which the unprincipled slaveholder hates and dreads, because it leads to abolition." Now read the following "Vindication of the Colonization Society," found in the African Repository, Vol. III. pages 200—202. "The first great material objection is, that this Society does, in fact, in spite of its denial, meditate and conspire the emancipation of the Slaves. To the candid, let me say, that there are names on the rolls of the Society too high to be rationally accused of the duplicity and insidious falsehood which this implies; farther, the Society and its branches are composed, in by far the largest, of citizens of slaveholding States, who cannot gravely be charged with a design so perilous to themselves" [i. e. of supporting a Society that "leads to abolition," which it could not do according to its profession, without being guilty of "duplicity and insidious falsehood"—but read on.] * * * "Let me repeat, the friends of the Colonization Society, three-fourths of them, are SLAVEHOLDERS; the legislatures of Maryland, Georgia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, all slaveholding States, have approved it;" [i. e. "have approved" a Society, if Dr. Fisk be correct, that "leads to abolition" though] "every member of this auxiliary society is, either in himself, or his nearest relatives, interested in holding slaves." Now, are all these slaveholders unprincipled? I presume it will not be said that they are, seeing they belong to the Colonization Society, which they would not do, if they "late and dread" it; and yet they affirm, that for this Society to "meditate and conspire the emancipation of the slaves," it must be guilty of "duplicity and insidious falsehood." Now, sir, as these slaveholders and Dr. Fisk are all Colonizationists, pray which shall we believe? One or the other must be mistaken; or, perhaps I should say, that it is Colonization consistency.

Concord, N. H. March 17, 1835.

Brother Storrs, as it regards length, presents an example worthy of general imitation by all writers upon the subject. It should be constantly remembered, that though they may be absorbed in the question, many others are comparatively indifferent; and perhaps if their articles are long, pass them by without perusal.—Ed.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

REV. RAY POTTER'S PAMPHLET—AGAIN.

MR. EDITOR.—The Rev. Mr. Potter's pamphlet has come out again, full of "the multifarious errors of Methodism." He has made a desperate effort to prove that Mr. Fletcher, by the terms "Adamic law," and "Evangelical law," (by which I understand him to mean nothing more nor less than to make a distinction between Adam's being justified by works, and we by faith, through the merits of Christ,) asserts, that "there are two moral laws, differing in their nature, by which is the knowledge of sin;" and at the same time attempts to prove that he has repealed the Adamic law. Mr. P. says, "If God does not require us to keep it, certainly it is not binding on us, and if it is not binding on us it is repealed in respect to us!" I would ask Mr. P. how Mr. F. can believe that it exists, and yet is repealed? Mr. F. does not believe that the Adamic law of works is binding on us, or ever was; how then can "it be repealed in respect to us?" Can a law be repealed that was never given? Surely Mr. P. must be a wise philosopher to believe it can. Mr. P. believes that God never required any more of Adam than he requires of us, in respect to obedience." Yet he says, "Saints become interested in the new covenant

ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1835.

LIBELLOUS! LIBELLOUS!!

Miss Reed's book has produced a more than ordinary excitement among the Papists. Observe how Mr. Pepper writes under the lash! Mr. Crosswell, alluded to in such infamous language, is Rector of Christ's Church, (Episcopal) in this city:—one of our most respected citizens. Surely, Protestants will not look tamely and passively on, while an illiterate foreigner—full of froth and bombast—thus outrageously insults our own fair countrywomen and those citizens of whom we have just reason to be proud!—a foreigner who tramples upon our holy institutions, and who is fast arraying his own people, by the force of prejudice, against Americans.

"But why notice at all this unique specimen of vanity?" "Inquires the reader.

Not because it affords us pleasure, we can assure our kind-hearted querist. We take up our pen to notice such an Editor with leaching. But we believe the public good requires his exposure. If he were simply and solely, George Pepper, we should consider him beneath our notice; but he is the representative of the Roman Catholic Church in this section. The Jesuit, edited by the Bishop, was merged in the Sentinel, and Mr. P. recommended as a man of talent. What, therefore, we find in the Sentinel, we consider as passing under the sanction of the Bishop. Were it not for this, we would not waste our ink and risk our reputation in such a contest.

But what would be the consequence to our nation, and to our religious privileges, if such men—displaying the worst passions—should gain the ascendancy? What?—What? What would become of our schools?—Destroyed! What of our churches?—Changed to temples of sanctified impiety! What of our present republican institutions?—Trampled ignominiously in the dust! Patriots! Christians! look well to your hearths—your altars—your temples. They are in danger! Already Popery numbers more adherents than any other denomination, and within a few years they will exceed all combined! They leave no place unvisited. The quiet hamlet is alike visited with the splendid city.

IMPUDENT AND IMPUDENT FALSEHOOD.—A wretched, illiterate woman, of "no character at all," to whom, from pure motives of charity, the Lady Superior of the Charlestown Convent, afforded, some time ago an asylum, has become the tool and dupe of an ignorant fanatic parson of the name of *Crosswell*, who rants and roars, every Sunday, in a Methodist psalm-house, in Charlestown, and at his instigation, obtruded on the public attention, an infamous and libellous book, entitled "Six Months in a Convent." The vulgarity of *Crosswell's* style of diction, for that despicable fanatic is the real author of the vile work, is only surpassed by his incredible and wicked falsehoods. In our next we shall expose the clumsy and calumnious fabrications, of which the continent Mr. Crosswell has become the father by the virtuous woman, Rebecca Reed, whom the Lady Superior, from an impulse of benevolence, snatched from starvation. Every person of knowledge and mind, who has read the disgusting book, declares that it is a tissue of the rudest ignorance, and the vilest falsehood, such, indeed, as might have been expected from such a literary Platonic pair of lovers, as the ingrate woman Reed, and the psalm-ranting parson Crosswell.

SAD ACCIDENT.—In New York, on Tuesday afternoon, 14th inst., at the launching of the new ship Toronto, part of the scaffold around another ship gave way, on which were about 100 persons, and they were all precipitated to the ground, about 25 feet. A young man named Douglas, and a lad named Win. Downing, had each an arm and leg broken; a sailor had his collar-bone fractured, and a young man named Smithers, had his back broken. Many other persons were seriously injured. The number of persons present is estimated at eight thousand.

AMERICANS, AWAKE! AWAKE!!—A New York paper states that it has been ascertained, from the official records at the Custom House, that within the last twelve months upwards of six hundred Roman Catholic priests have arrived in the United States, from other countries!!

[Correspondence of Zion's Herald.]

THE CONTEST BEGUN.

New York Protestant Association—Papists Alarmed—Meeting for Discussion—Catholic Riot—Influence of Popery on the Populace.

DEAR BROTHER—In one of my former letters I informed you of an Association of clergymen of New York for the discussion of Popery, called the Protestant Association. It seems that this profane combination of heretics has excited the alarm of the "Holy Mother Church," and that, acting upon the authority of her old motto that "The Church is infallible," she has begun to revive the long tried and venerable *modus operandi* of putting down such "absurd and erroneous ravings for liberty of conscience which is a most pestiferous error," as his holiness the present Pope, calls it in his last Encyclical Letter.

A few weeks since the Association published a notice that they would hold a series of meetings to commence on the evening of March 13th, for the discussion of the political bearings of Popery, and respectfully invited the Catholic clergy to attend, giving them the privilege to reply in their own vindication. The Catholics, aware that they had champions to meet of no ordinary talent and intrepidity, thought it preferable to put an end to this "pestiferous error," by a more summary process,

"And prove their doctrines orthodox, By apostolic blows and knucks."

The place of meeting was Broadway Hall. A considerable time before the appointed hour, a large collection of Papists met, and stationed themselves in the principal entrance to the room, jamming so much the door-way and stairs that the officers of the Association had to effect their entrance by a back way. The number of the mob is estimated at about two hundred—a most sorry, motley looking group, breathing the fumes of liquor fire as strongly as they fanned from the still of the venerable Deacon Giles during the night that the demons labored so mightily for him.

The meeting was organized, and an attempt made to compose the boisterous foment about the door, by prayer from Rev. Mr. Finley, but to no purpose. Even during this solemnity the clamorous profanity of these "only true children of God," could not be restrained. All efforts to proceed in the exercises of the meeting were unsuccessful.

Dr. Brownlee, the chairman, and several others, attempted to restore order, but as soon as any one dared to speak the Hall resounded in shouts of *huzza! huzza! down with the heretics! huzza! huzza! LIBERTY! toleration! huzza! huzza!* Seeing it was utterly futile to attempt to conciliate such a rabble, the officers announced the meeting dissolved, when a scene of confusion and tumult ensued that defies description. The Protestants, including a large number of ladies, immediately retired by a private entrance; when "huzza! huzza! curse the heretics! down with 'em! down with 'em!" rung through the Hall. The seats were knocked around the room, their tops broken off and hurled about with shouts of execration and profanity that were sufficient to make all Pandemonium thunder with infernal acclamations. Thus ended this meeting, peacefully called by a number of the most respectable Protestant ministers of New York, and generously attended by her citizens with their families, with a previous respectful offer of an impartial participation in the exercises made to the Catholic clergy.

Where is there a man that has an American soul whose

blood does not boil when he sees his fellow citizens thus insulted, their most important immunities trodden in the dust, and the laws scouted with defiance by the ruffian emissaries of a foreign despot? Suppose that a Catholic meeting were to be thus invaded, and riotously broken up by Protestants, what denunciations would ring through the land against the perpetrators of such an outrage, and what commiseration be expressed for "the poor persecuted Catholics!" But are these tumultuous foreigners entitled to more forbearance and sympathy than our own fellow citizens?

The above occurrence is but a specimen of the influence of Popery on the populace. This has been its influence, as it is recorded with the blood of patriots and good men in all its history—this is its influence wherever it prevails at present, and this will be its influence among us, as is portended by the most unquestionable indications—indications that stare us in the face throughout the length and breadth of the land. Yours, &c. G. H. I.

COURTS MARTIAL.—The Hon. James M. Wayne, while addressing the head of the War Department, on the subject of Intemperance, made the following observation:—"In our little army of 5642 men, there have been, it is stated, 882 courts martial, within five years; of which five-sixths are chargeable to Intemperance!"—*Mercantile Journal.*

After puzzling our brain, and dipping into our inkstand eight or ten times to stir up an idea fit to accompany so important a fact as the above, and render it more impressive, we concluded to throw it out upon its own merits. Indeed, it contains within the compass of a nutshell a volume of argument in favor of temperance.

How is it?—Will the Lady Superior inform us whether in the long list of names she furnished the Court at Cambridge, as owned by herself, she did not forget one? Should she not have added "*Burroughs*?" We ask for information, and seriously, whether she is not the daughter of "an notorious Rev. Stephen Burroughs, of picture-making memory, in Canada? We trust that on account of the extremely placid character of her disposition, she will readily exonerate our Yankee inquisitiveness.

TRACTS IN FRANCE.—That every Christian, however obscure his situation, may help to propagate his religion, is proved from the following fact. Several humble, sincere and pious individuals, in the midst of that infidel people, have supplied themselves with religious tracts, and given one to every person who will accept of and peruse it. They have circulated them, especially among the soldiers, with very beneficial results; also among the officers and guards of the hospitals and prisons. Many of these officers employ their leisure hours in reading them to their subjects. Thus an immense good is accomplished, through the medium of a plain tract, given out by a poor and perhaps ignorant man, in a by-place, and in the midst of a wicked people.—s.

REVIVALS.

Extract of a letter from Rev. S. Quimby, dated Springfield, Vt., March 23, 1835.

The presence of the Lord is still displayed among us in the salvation of sinners. Forever blessed be his name.

Extract of a letter from Rev. Reuben Dearborn, dated Meredith Bridge, N. H., March 25, 1835.

Our prospects in this place are somewhat encouraging. Our congregation has increased nearly one-half since last fall. The members of the church are generally very well engaged, and several have recently found the pearl of great price.

CHILMARK, MARTHA'S VINEYARD, March 23, 1835.

BROTHER KINGSBURY.—When I came to this place (29th March, 1834) to labor as an ambassador of the Gospel of Christ, the Church was in a low state, having had no preacher to labor with them the preceding part of the Conference year. But through the infinite goodness of God, he revived his work in power and great glory in the midst of us, during a four-days meeting, which commenced the 23rd of September last. The meeting for the first two days had but little apparent effect; yet it seemed as if God was about to visit this little Church of his Zion in mercy. The ministers of the everlasting gospel came to our help like men of God, labored with becoming zeal, having strong faith and much liberty. On the third day, the Church became alarmed, fearing lest this special means of grace would pass off, and no souls be converted. To this end, at the close of the sermon in the evening, the invitation being given, they came forward to the altar, humbly beseeching God to heal their backslidings, and prepare them for the revival of his work, by renewing them in the spirit of their minds. And thanks be to him that heareth and answereth prayer, he regarded the cry of his children, and gave them that evening, while before him prostrate, one precious soul to rejoice with.

From this instant, the display of God's power was in the midst of us. That evening, after returning to my lodgings, a young man came to the house and desired to speak with me. After conversing with him, and finding him desirous to be instructed more perfectly in the things of godliness, I took him to my room, where we betook ourselves to prayer in his behalf; and, thanks be to God! before the morning light appeared the Sun of Righteousness had arisen, with healing in its wings to his soul.

The last day quite a number came forward to the altar, desiring the prayers of God's people. In the evening, God in mighty power moved on the minds of the people while our beloved Presiding Elder addressed them from—"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The invitation being given at the close, the altar was filled with humble penitents, and thanks be to God, some experienced forgiveness. Twenty-three have joined on probation.

Our prospects are still good. Some are inquiring what they shall do to be saved. May the Lord ride on from conquering to conquer, till the world shall be filled with his glory! Amen! P. CRANDON, JR.

We have some revival here at present. About fifty in this town have lately found peace in believing. Yours, &c. H. S. RAMSDALL. Killingly, Conn., March 26, 1835.

SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH RELIGIOUS MAGAZINES.

—This is a new publication—a weekly sheet, in small folio, at \$2 per year. The plan is an excellent one, but we cannot approve of the selections. They are too long, and need vivacity. Subscriptions will be received by C. Stimpson, Jr. in this city.

STILL WORSE.

What a specimen of Roman Catholic morality is contained in the Sentinel of last Saturday! Who can say it is not time to be active? The last line of the following is open profanity. We hesitated whether we ought to pollute our columns by copying it; but at last we concluded that though it might shock (we should be sorry if it did not) our readers, still we should be doing the holy cause of practical religion, in which the Herald is engaged, a service, by showing the acknowledged champion of Popery—as he is. Referring to Miss Reed's book, he says:

"It is an infamous and a dishonorable perversion of truth, for the denuded defamers, to make their she jacket that she had been adduced to take the vows. Abundant testimony can be adduced to prove that no lady was ever allowed, in the Charlestown Convent, to make two vows, until after she had gone through a novitiate of two years. With such a requisite and indispensable probation, no veil could have been by possibility, offered. It is a palpable and damned *lie* to assert that it was."

Judging from the allusion to a *PISTOL*, in the following, written against the Editor of the Daily Advocate, Mr.

Pepper has more ways than one, to settle an argument. The weapons of the gospel "are not carnal, but spiritual, and mighty through God." With these alone should the Christian, having the love of God in his heart, contend. Pistols are appropriate only to ruffians. Mr. Pepper is welcome to such a resort, if he supposes that to build up the tottering fabric of the Man of Sin. Such logic, however, is not very convincing to calm, discriminating, matter-of-fact New Englanders. This same individual has already stepped forth as the avowed friend of dram-drinking! Heaven preserve us!

"The rude, rabid, and ruffianly epithets applied to us, on Tuesday last, by a vulgar rascal of the name of *Hallett*, who edits a bank-robbed paper here, yeckle the Daily Advocate, could have been only used by a low-born, uneducated, and unmanly miscreant, who is debased too low for the pen or the PISTOL of any gentleman of talent, or courage, entertaining a proper respect for himself and his friends."

The Editor has the vanity to publish the following (ours respecting himself, recently offered. Thus are all his faults exposed. He is "patriotic!"—eloquent!"—"spirited!" (No doubt of the latter):—"George Pepper, Esq.; the patriotic, eloquent, and spirited Editor of the Boston Literary and Catholic Sentinel; let his works as an historian and a biographer of Ireland, speak his praise."

"The eloquent, learned, and talented George Pepper, Esq.—the unrivaled champion of the 'grey goose-quill'—his overwhelming reasoning has put to silence the saucy, cursing cur-dogs of sectarian intolerance, bigotry, and error."

JUVENILE HARMONY.—This is the title of a small publication of 36 pages, by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 39 Washington Street. It contains appropriate hymns and songs for the schools, for which we should think it well adapted. Every well-directed effort to cultivate singing among children, should be encouraged.—s.

RELICS OF DEPARTED WORTH. Do the Papists desire a union of church and state? We reply, unhesitatingly, Yes. From the Jesuit, formerly published in the republican city of Boston, and said to have been edited by "My Lord," the Right Reverend Bishop Fenwick, we extract the following choice relic. Speaking of the French revolution, the Editor says, the people not only lost a good sovereign, "but the constitutional guarantee of virtue and religion, without which true happiness and freedom cannot exist." All who are acquainted with the despotism that swayed its iron sceptre over ill-fated France, during the reign of Charles X., know full well what the constitutional guarantee of religion was. And does Bishop Fenwick approve it?

Another Jewel.—The Catholic Church was from the beginning, what it is at this day, and what it ever must be.—*Jesuit.*

In conversing upon the subject of Popery, we are frequently interrupted with "Oh, but the Romish Church is not what you make it."

"How do you know?"

"Because—because—why, it's evident."

To such we would say—Ponder over the above extract.

Popery is there declared to be the same Church that from its commencement has sent forth rivers of tears and blood.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The following bill was reported recently by a Committee of the House, and has passed through its second reading. It will soon be acted upon and probably adopted.

An Act to Abolish the Punishment of Death.

"**SECT. 1.** Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, That the punishment of Death be, and the same hereby is, abolished in all cases within the jurisdiction of this Commonwealth.

"**SECT. 2.** Be it further enacted, That all persons heretofore convicted of any crime which is now punishable with death according to any law of this Commonwealth, saving and excepting only the crime of murder, shall be punished by solitary confinement not exceeding one year; and by confinement after the expiration of the said term to hard labor for life.

"**SECT. 3.** Be it further enacted, That all persons heretofore convicted of the crime of murder shall be punished by solitary confinement for life."

"**SECT. 4.** Be it further enacted, That when any person shall hereafter be convicted of the crime of murder, all contracts of whatever nature to which the person so convicted shall be a party, shall be affected, changed, or annulled, in the same manner as they severally would have been by the death of the person so convicted. The bonds of matrimony between the husband or the wife, as the case may be, and the person so convicted, shall be dissolved; the person so convicted shall cease to have any title to or interest in his own estate, real and personal, and the same shall be treated, be disposed of, and descend in all respects as if his actual death had taken place on the day when he was convicted as aforesaid, and all power and authority of whatever nature which he might lawfully have or exercise over any other person or persons, shall from and after his conviction as aforesaid, cease and determine as if he were dead.

"**SECT. 5.** Be it further enacted, That all acts, and parts of acts, inconsistent with the provisions of this act be, and the same hereby are repealed."

We make no comment, except that we think the 3d section needs some modifications. What they are we readily present ourselves to the mind of every Christian.

The Temperance Intelligencer relates the following interesting story. It shows the danger of touching the baneful drug, except as a medicine. Total abstinence is the only motto that is safe. We believe in no amalgamation with this deadly foe. Though it put on a winning smile to-day, and whisper sweet, yet we will not use a little every day, because *Deacon Giles* will sell it to us, but spurn it, and the whole of it, too. We hold that the first glass does quite as much towards making a man drunk, as does the fourth, seventh, or tenth; and that the man is more culpable for the first, for that he takes his first glass, whereas the last is taken under the excitement of intemperance in consequence of the first. Thus is affected more or less the accountability of the action. Not total abstinence forever is the only sure foundation on which the philanthropist and the Christian can stand.—s.

THE HISTORY OF A MODERATE DRINKER.

My grandfather was a quiet industrious farmer who had accumulated a comfortable estate by the simple arts of rural prudence. A hale man he had been in his prime, and he bore his age well too, but time will entice, slowly it may be, but surely, the most vigorous constitution. Feeling the hand of old age gradually neutralizing his energies, he looked around on his children for some one to settle on his place and sooth his declining years. His choice fell on Emory Rawson, the husband of Elvira, his youngest and favorite daughter. Rawson was a little man, full of life and animation. Being active and vigorous, he could accomplish a great deal of work, but unfortunately he had a habit which rendered his industry as vain as a trial of filling up the sea. He was a *habitual drinker of ardent spirits*. "Old Rawson," the father, was one of those who affect to regard rank as one of the necessities of life, and therefore had accustomed his sons to sip at the fatal glass. Reared by such a parent, it is not strange that Emory, when he came to act for himself, should turn to drinking as one of his chief enjoyments. He followed out most faithfully the notions of his father. I say notions—not principles; these are supposed to have some degree of reason for their foundation; but what reason is there why a man should drink a quart of brandy or rum, or any other of the old folk, as he called them, during the remainder of his lives. Affairs went forward very smoothly for a season. Emory toiled with diligence on a farm which he already reaped looked upon as his own. The old gentleman came

out now and then to see how things were managed, and having been all his life inured to it, he often lent a helping hand in the labors of the field.

Such were the circumstances of my grandfather and his son-in-law when I left that part of the country to enter on a course of studies preparatory to college.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. Several years passed away, and meanwhile I became a novice in college life. It was during a vacation, in the spring of 1834, that I resolved to visit my grandfather, and all the while thinking that this might be the last time I reached the house about the middle of the forenoon, and found my feeble grandfather sitting alone by the fire. She showed much pleasure at seeing me, but said—"your grandfather, and Elvira, and Emory are all gone out." In a little while, my half an hour, my aunt came in from the meadow, where she had been to gather cowslips. She received me with great cordiality, but the pleasure which I felt at seeing her was soon turned to sadness. Her countenance was flushed—the sign of intemperance. In my boyhood I had seen her disporting herself in all the gaiety of youth. My father was one of the oldest children, and my aunt the youngest; consequently there was but the difference of a few years between her age and my own. Her demure looks long remained in youthful fancy. Sober and unassuming, and frank open countenance, diffused the spirit of her cheerfulness wherever she appeared. More recently I had seen her in her bridal years smiling in all the innocence of peace and in the hopes of domestic happiness. But now how fallen! "Frailty, thy name is woman!" But O woman, if thou fall, let thy frailties be thine own. Such as may draw forth the tear of pity—not the violence of disgust.

My grandfather next came in. Age and toil were doing their work upon him, but the tranquillity of his thoughtful mind enabled him to produce a feeling rather agreeable than otherwise. Last of all Emory came in. Gentle reader, I will not harrow up thy feelings by trying to express what were my own at this moment, nor need I describe their cause. Sober and unassuming, and happily too plenty to need description. After some talk on religion, a subject which he introduced perhaps from a motive of complaisance, aware that I was studying with a view to the sacred profession, he turned the conversation to temperance. On this subject he displayed his volubility in the usual slang against the friends of total abstinence, and gave a lively harangue on the superstition of refraining from getting drunk, adding that he held to temperance as much as any man. Before my departure, I looked at the outhouses and fields. The buildings were going to decay, the fences were falling and every thing bore the impress of the drunkard's superintendence. Hitherto I had been one of the young advocates of tipping at pleasure, but this scene effectively wrought my conversion. I hastened to the temperance pledge to rid myself of the claims of fellowship with which I was met by every drunkard.

The sequel of Rawson's history is soon told: with the addition or subtraction of a few circumstances it is the history of every drunkard. Situated on a good farm, holding a deed of half of it, and receiving half of its yearly products, he yet became involved in debt. Mortgage succeeded mortgage and already the farm has been four times pledged. But Emory is in love with the cause of his ruin, and still his stupid language is—"They have stricken me, but I was not sick; they have beaten me and I felt it not; when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

SHALL IT BE SO? The following is an extract from a letter written by a gentleman of Newark, N. J. It will depend on the efforts of the American Evangelical Church whether our days as a nation are numbered. We are more and more convinced that the present is a crisis with the Church. If she meet this error openly, boldly, fearlessly, perseveringly—without flinching at mobs and threats, she will be safe;—but if she sleep on, and allow Popery to sing her lullaby, then she is LOST!!

You have, I suppose, heard of the Roman Catholic mob which broke up a public meeting in New York, drove out the congregation, and destroyed the building. What are we coming to? Is our country to be ruled by a mob of foreigners sent from their own country because of pauperism and drunkenness? Will Americans stand tamely by and see such things done, and not raise a note of warning? Is there not enough moral feeling in the community to stay such proceedings? I fear that the days of this Republic are numbered—that the time will soon come when the followers of the false prophet will overrun the land and convert it into a field of blood. You may not see the day, but I have little doubt but I shall, when those who serve the Lord will have to meet their Popish enemies with sword and pistol, or leave the land in their possession, and take up their abode in some other more favored part of the earth. O, if I had a voice of thunder, if my speech were like an earthquake, I would cry aloud till every one should hear "Awake—my countrymen, awake! throw off the Papal yoke! See the danger that besets you, and come to the rescue before it is forever too late! Grapple with the 'Man of Sin,' wherever he is to be found, and let his foul idolaters know that we will not wear a chain, be it gilded ever so finely."

BOSTON M. E. SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY. Next Fast Day afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in Bromfield Street Church, this Society will hold its anniversary. The meeting, we expect, will be one of surpassing interest. A variety of exercises will be performed by children, selected for the occasion, such as singing, recitations, &c. An address will also be delivered by Rev. A. Stevens. We would invite our friends and brethren in the city and from the vicinity to be present. This is a glorious cause. It should receive our prayers and exertions.

TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.—Rev. E. T. Taylor delivered an impressive address at the Marine Hospital, on—pardon us, reader; it was some evening during the past week,—which, we do not remember. The speaker described the debased character of the drunkard in glowing language. He drew a picture so exact as to sicken the sensibilities of the mind. The remedy proposed was TOTAL ABSTINENCE, except when prescribed as a medicine. We learn from the Mercantile, that brother T., a few Sabbath evenings since, advanced some unseasonable sentiments upon this subject; of that, not having been present, we can say nothing. Allowance, however, should be made for the speaker's short-hand method of extemporizing. He generally leaves much to be filled up by the hearer. The sermon to which we allude, was strictly orthodox, and we should be happy to hear it repeated.

FOR ZION'S HERALD. MR. KINGSBURY.—At the present moment, no American, who has not made up his mind, with the heretical Dr. Cooper, to calculate the value of the Union;—no Christian, who has any thought or care for religion, pure and undefiled, can calmly survey the expansion of Popery from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic Sea. At one moment, we hear of an outrageous assault upon a citizen of high standing, in the West, during the passage of a Roman Catholic puppet show, along the public way; for the purpose of compelling him to uncover his head, while the *monstrous* was passing by. At another moment, we are informed that the Pope is overjoyed at the success of his *propaganda*; and that he ever looks upon America as his own,—perhaps, at some future day, as the resting place of the Apostolic See! To-day, it is announced, that a congregation of male and female Protestants are expelled by a Roman Catholic mob, actuated by their religious fury, from their place of meeting, in the city of New York. Again our attention is gravely invited to the consideration of an amazing mass of testimony, collated for the purpose of showing the existence of a deep-laid conspiracy, originating in the city of Vienna, for the overthrow of the institutions of our country, by the instrumentality of the Roman Catholic Religion. In one of our public journals, the National Gazette, of Philadelphia, edited by Mr. Robert Walsh, who, I am told, is a Roman Catholic, I have read a most insolent and impudent arraignment of our Supreme Judicial Court, and of Chief Justice Shaw, because he did not contrive a plan, in defiance of law and evidence, to procure the condemnation of every individual against whom the Grand Jury found a bill, for being engaged in burning the Convent. By the admission of such an offensive and impudent article into my journal,

reflecting, as it does, upon the judicial reputation of an independent and learned Judge, Mr. Walsh has shown himself more in love with Popery than with the rules of decency and decorum. Under our very eyes, we have the most offensive exhibitions of indiscriminate insolence, in the Roman Catholic journals published in the city of Boston, one of which, within the last fortnight, has published an indelible article, reflecting upon the character of a minister of the Episcopal Church.

Such is a meagre specimen of the existing and advancing state of things.

There was a period, (the year 1735,) when, said Bishop Butler, "It has come, I know not how, to be taken for granted, by many persons, that Christianity is not so much a subject of inquiry, but that it is now as long as discovery to be fictitious; and accordingly they treat it, as if in the present age, this were an agreement, among all people of discernment, and remained but to set it up, as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals, for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." At that period, the whole kingdom of Great Britain was tending fast to infidelity. Now, Mr. Kingsbury, I am not a Methodist, but I cannot forget that it is an acknowledged truth, that the Methodists of that day were eminently instrumental in stemming the torrent. As I have said, I am not a Methodist; but it is to me a source of real satisfaction to multiply those occasions, upon which, by laboring together, shoulder to shoulder, in the cause of God and man, we may learn a little of the high and holy mystery of loving one another. The abatement of Papal influence in our country, is an object of universal interest to all who are opposed to Antichrist and Infidelity; and I devoutly trust, that the Methodists of the United States will prove as successful in their opposition to Popery in 1835, as were the Methodists of Great Britain, in their opposition to Infidelity, precisely one hundred years ago. No Jesuit.

AMEN! we most heartily respond, and in confidence, for the spirit of the holy Wesley is abroad among his followers.

Those who have read "No Jesuit's" articles, have already perceived that the writer wields no ordinary pen. We would take this opportunity to recommend them to special attention. They are the productions of a legal gentleman of distinguished scientific and literary acquirements—one who has labored long and incessantly, expending time and money in the cause of philanthropy.—EDITOR.

"CHILLINGWORTH" will accept our thanks for his article; but we, some months since, established an inviolable rule, that no communication upon the subject of slavery, unless accompanied by the proper name of the author, should be admitted.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE FROM SLAVERY.

For want of space last week, we omitted to mention a fact, in which all—Colonizationists, Abolitionists, and Neutralists—can rejoice together.

On the 20th of Feb. the brig Enterprise, of New York, bound from Charleston to Alexandria, and having 78 slaves on board, put into Bermuda in distress. The noble-hearted Bermudians soon learned the fact, and a writ of *habeas corpus* was served upon the slaves, commanding them to appear and answer for themselves, whether they would remain there free, or proceed to their destined port. About 9 o'clock in the evening, they were marshalled into Court—a squallid, wretched collection of beings, the refuse, apparently, of mankind. But they possess the same immortal spark as the white man, glittering in their bosoms—the same love of liberty.

The first man called up was thus addressed by the Chief Justice:—"Your name is George Hammett; you came in the brig Enterprise, as a slave, and it is my duty (understanding that you were kept on board that vessel against your will), to inform you that in this country you are free, free as any white person; and should it be your wish to remain here, instead of proceeding to the port whither you were bound, to be sold or held to service as a slave, you will be protected by the authorities here, and if you do decide to remain, you will become, as I have observed, a free person, and will be punished for any breach or breaking of the laws of this country; while, if you conduct yourself with propriety, sobriety, honesty and industry, you will meet with encouragement from the whole community. Do you therefore wish to remain and be a free person, or continue your voyage to the vessel's destined port, and remain a slave?"

The scene which followed is said to have been very affecting. All but a woman and her five children accepted the offer joyfully. They had all either been taken under the protection of the Friendly Society or employed as domestics.

CHILDREN, READ THIS!!

Sometimes when children feel that they have done wrong, they try to hide it by telling falsehoods, for fear of being punished. But, oh, how unhappily must the weeping child have felt, of which the following article speaks! Now, let me ask the little boy or girl who is reading this,—Would it not have been better for him to have gone to the apothecary's house, although it might have made him a longer walk, than to have lied to his dear kind parent, and so much pain for want of the medicine? And then, after he had done this wrong act, to have tried to keep his poor dying father from knowing it, by speaking an untruth, was worse still—was it not?

Dear children, beware of telling falsehoods!—EDITOR.

REPENTANCE.

A man who is now a minister of the Gospel, gave me the following account. I tell it to you in order to show you what repentance is. "I had one of the kindest and best of fathers; and when I was a little white-headed boy about six years old, he used to carry me to school before him on his back, to help me in my little plans, and always seemed trying to make me happy; and he never seemed so happy himself, as when I was under his arm. When I was six years old, he came home one day, very sick, and thus nobody but my two sisters could take care of my father. In a few days he was worse, very sick, and all the physicians in the region were called to see him. The next Sabbath morning early, he was evidently much worse. As I went into his room, he stretched out his hand to me and said, 'My little boy, I am very sick. I wish you to take this paper on the stand, and run down to Mr. C's, and get me the medicine written on that paper.' I took the paper and went to the apothecary's shop, as I had often done before. It was about half a mile off; and when I got there, I found it shut, and as Mr. C. lived a quarter of a mile further, I concluded not to go to find him. I then set out for home. On my way back I contrived what to say. I knew how wicked it was to tell a lie, but one sin always leads to another. On going in to my father, I said that he was in great pain; and though he was so sick, I could see great drops of sweat standing on his forehead, forced out by the pain. O, then I was sorry I had not gone and found the apothecary. At length he said to me, 'My son has got the medicine, I hope, for I am in great pain.' I hung my head and muttered, for my conscience smote me. 'No sir, Mr. Carter says he has got none.' 'Has got none? Is this possible?' He cast a keen eye upon me, and seeing my head hang, and probably suspecting my falsehood, said in the mildest, kindest tone, 'My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for the want of that medicine; I want of that medicine; and when he laid his hand upon my head, and told me 'that in a few hours I should have no father; that he would in a day or two be buried; that I must now make God my father, love him, obey him, and always do right and speak the truth, because the eye of God is always upon me'—it seemed as if I should sink; and when he laid his hand upon my head again, and prayed for the blessing of God the Redeemer to rest upon me, 'soon to be a fatherless orphan,' I dared not look at him, I felt so guilty.

"I rushed, sobbing, from

Poetry.

THE PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

In the deep wilderness, unseen, she prayed,
The daughter of Jerusalem:—alone
With all the still whispers of the night,
And with the searching glances of the stars,
And with her God, alone! She lifted up
Her sad, sweet voice, while trembling o'er her head
The dark leaves thrill'd with prayer; the fearful prayer
Of woman's quenchless, yet repentant love.

"Father of Spirits, hear!"

Look on the inmost soul, to Thee revealed;
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,
Before thy sight in solitude unsealed!

"Hear, Father! hear and aid!"

If I have loved too well, if I have shed
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head,
Gifts, on thy shrine, my God, more fitly laid;

"If I have sought to live"

But in one light, and made mortal eye
The lonely star of my idolatry.
—Thou that art love! oh, pity and forgive!

"Chastened and school'd at last,"

No more, no more my struggling spirit burns,
But fix'd on Thee, from that vain worship turns!
—What have I said!—the deep dream is not past!

"Yet hear! I still I love,"

Oh! still too fondly—if for ever seen,
An earthly image comes my soul between,
And Thy calm glory, Father, throned above;

"If still a voice is near,"

(Even while I strive these wanderings to control.)
An earthly voice, disquieting my soul,
With its deep music, too intensely dear;

"O Father, draw to thee"

My lost affections back! the dreaming eyes
Clear from their mist—sustain the heart that dies;
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free!

"I must love on, O God!"

This bosom must love on!—but let thy breath
Touch and make pure the flame that knows no death,
Bearing it up to heaven, Love's own abode!"

Ages and ages past, the wilderness
With its dark cedars; and the thrilling night
With her pale stars; and the mysterious winds,
Fraught with all sound, were conscious of those prayers.
How many such hush woman's bursting heart
Since then in silence and in darkness breath'd,
Like a dim night flower's odor up to God!

Biographical.

MRS. SUSAN STORMS.

Died in Monument, Mass., Feb. 1, 1835, aged 45. She was consort of Capt. Peter Storms. In early life she was hopelessly converted, and was filled with peace in believing. Being, however, surrounded with worldly cares, she ultimately in some measure lost her enjoyment. In her last illness, which was very distressing, she called upon God. He heard her prayer, and gave her the victory. She was enabled, through grace, to bear pain with patience, and to commit her husband, children, friends, and all her concerns into the hands of her God. Her death was triumphant and glorious. GEO. WINCHESTER.

Monument, March 17, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MR. THOMAS RICH.

Died in Truro, Mass., on the 25th of February, 1835, in the 64th year of his age, after a protracted illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude and resignation.

Brother Rich has been a member of the M. E. Church more than thirty years, and although the last three months of his life he was confined to a sick bed, and suffered with incessant pain, he could say that his trust was in God. As he grew weaker in body, he became more happy in his soul; and while his children stood by his bedside weeping, he fell asleep in Jesus, leaving a good evidence behind that he has gone to join the Church triumphant, above.

THOMAS DODGE.

South Truro, March 3d, 1835.

MRS. DEBORAH HILTON.

Wife of Lieut. Andrew Hilton, died in Newmarket, N. H., February 8th, 1835, aged 68 years. Sister H. was for many years a worthy member of the M. E. Church. Her last sickness was long and distressing, yet she bore her sufferings with Christian patience and resignation to the will of God. As she lived the life of the righteous, her end was peaceful and happy. She rests from her labors and her works do follow her. WM. J. KIDDER.

Newmarket, March 23, 1835.

Miscellaneous.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

RATHER SINGULAR!!

MR. EDITOR—Many are raising their voices long and loud, crying,
"Lo! Christ is here,
And Christ is there,"

to the great detriment of scores who are sincerely inquiring after truth. This is an age of wonders and of great religious speculation. Christianity is attacked on every side. The adherents of the "Man of Sin" have unfurled their bloody banners, and the black flag of the Papal church is waving in fiendish triumph over many of the fruitful fields of republican America! "ICHABOD! ICHABOD!" will soon be written on the doors and altars of our churches, unless papal influence is speedily checked in our country. Lord, have mercy on us!

But there is another denomination, whose doctrines are as deleterious as those of the church of Rome. I mean the Universalist. At heart they are infidels. Infidels? Yes, infidels; though I blush for the honor of the Christian name, while I record it. Their preachers go from one neighborhood, town, and city, to another, as fast as carriages and steamboats will carry them; while their periodicals fly on the wings of the wind! Certainly, they labor with a zeal worthy of a better cause.

Sometime in the course of last year, a Universalist minister visited Westfield, Mass., and preached several evenings in the Town Hall. Soon they began to preach on the Sabbath, and gathered around them a congregation composed of different sorts of people, no matter whom; drunkards, gamblers, and swearers, will always attend a Universalist meeting. Things went smoothly on, until it was announced that the renowned HOSIA BALLOU would preach in town on a Sabbath evening. Every heart beat high, and the votaries of "impartial grace" were expecting that the

arguments and eloquence of this apostle of Universalism would tend greatly to establish them in the faith, and advance their cause. Rev. Mr. B. took for his text—"Thou shalt not surely die;" a very good text indeed for a Universalist. He could not have found a better one. But instead of sound arguments and strong reasons, a flood of sarcasm was poured upon the orthodox; and instead of making converts to Universalism, Mr. B. was actually an instrument of making at least one convert to Methodism. Wonderful, indeed! but it was actually so. One man was convinced by the sophistry and obvious contradictions of the preacher, that the doctrine he was advocating must be radically and fundamentally wrong. He sought and found the Lord, and is now a worthy member of the M. E. Church. Others who were inclining to this heresy have since been converted. Universalist preaching is given up in that town.

J. D. BAIDEX.

West Springfield, March, 1835.

LOCKE.—A gentleman once said to this distinguished man, "It is really incredible how you could acquire so general a knowledge upon all subjects. Pray, sir, how did you acquire it?"

He replied, putting his hand upon his head, "I was never ashamed, when young, to ask for information. I conversed with all sorts of men, and made myself as familiar with the secrets of their profession, as if they were my own."—This is a capital rule, if one would learn all of human nature.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.—The King one day conversing with one of his tradesmen, whom he knew to be a Presbyterian, asked him, "Does your parson ever pray for me?"

"In good truth he does, your Majesty," replied the Scotchman, "and from his very heart, too."

"I dare say he does; I dare say he does," rejoined the King, "for you know he is not paid for it."—*Christian Guardian.*

THE THREATENED CANING.—Mr. Hamilton, late Agent in Michigan Territory, says, on entering a house I asked the father if he wished to pay religious books.

"Do you sell such?" said he.

"I have made a promise to come any man out of my house, who offers such books for sale here."

"Well, sir, you perceive you have the opportunity; or I can walk out without caning."

He suffered me peaceably to withdraw, dropping on his premises three Tracts. Some time after, I passed his house again, when seeing me, he called me in.

"My dear sir," said he, "I beg your forgiveness. Never shall I use another man as I did you; and never shall I say again, 'I am an infidel,' which was the title of one of your Tracts you left with me."

He is now an influential member of the Temperance Society.—*Tract Magazine.*

The following extract from a manuscript sketch of the town of Groton, purports to be copied verbatim from the ancient records of that town:—

March 28th, 1682. Two Indian Squaws being apprehended in drink and with drink brought to the Selectmen, one Squaw Nebatchochins Squaw being drunk was sentenced to receive and did receive ten stripes the other John Nasquun's Squaw was sentenced to pay 3s. 4d. cash and loose her two quart bottle and the Liquor in it awarded to Sargent Lakin, who seized them!!

This sentence was in pursuance of an order of the Selectmen made in January, 1681, by which the Indians were to be warned out of town, and a penalty affixed to any one's being found drunk, in drink, or with drink, in the town afterwards.—*Franklin Mercury.*

FLATTERING.—John Galt says that no species of literature affords so wide a scope for arrogance, or calls for less knowledge, than the *editorship of a newspaper*!

The fair and gifted Fanny Kemble considers the term "newspaper editor" synonymous with "bug."—*Merc. Journal.*

MUSICAL.—One of the books used in Prussia to furnish instruction in Singing, is entitled "*Hering's Musikalisches Volksschulengesangbuch.*"

PREACHERS.

The editor of the Portland Advertiser is an admirable satirist, and has a charming way of "rapping folks over the knuckles." He is at present in Canada, writing letters to his elbow chair. In his last he mentions having gone to church on a Sunday, where a British regiment were at service. He says of the officiating priest: "A sensible man preached for us, who did not care much about what he was saying, and of course his auditors did not care much about him. If a minister preaches like a man talking in his sleep, an audience are not to blame if they close their eyes also."

CITY OF LISBON.

There was no want of beggars in the streets; they, like the dogs, had a regular beat. One old lady, very well dressed, took up her position daily on a heap of dry mud, in the middle of the Alcazar, and sent an emissary in the shape of a pretty little girl, to importune the passengers slowly moving up the ascent, for "alguma coisa," something for the kitchen. And if a person entered a shop, two or three old women would enter it also, and without being checked by the shopkeeper, would "bore" the purchaser forreis. This forced charity was intolerable. But I was diverted with certain insinuating fellows in red gowns, and banners with a picture of the Virgin on them, who, "hat in hand," used to be seen approaching people, and in a whining tone asking for something for a convent to which they belonged, holding out the banner at the same time to be kissed by the devout.

I saw it often saluted, without any union to the palm of the standard-bearer. Besides the abominable state of the streets, the municipal authorities are highly to blame for allowing the most horrid objects to expose their sores in public. I saw an old villain actually rubbing sand into his leg one morning, to excite compassion by its inflamed appearance. It was a curious sight to see flocks of brown goats and a few cows driven into town every morning, to give milk to the coffee-drinkers and others; it looked very primitive; this must have been the practice from the times of the shepherd kings, and was one evidence of the little change that has taken place in the habits of the Portuguese for centuries. The goats were driven by men in Spanish hats and braided jackets. Some of the goats had their mouths tied in a bag to prevent their eating cabbage; yet the goat in general is so fastidious that it will not eat any green thing that is not perfectly clean, and upsets a dish of water out

of which another goat has drank. Not so the calves—they are not so particular; some in Lisbon presented an extraordinary appearance, with long black leather mounds, looking like a cross between a cow and an elephant; these appendages were intended to prevent them from sucking their mothers, and eating improper food. The shops in Lisbon have no great show of goods in them, yet the cloth and grocery shops were tolerably filled. The jewellers of the Rue d'Aurca had two high glass cases with their trinkets at the doors, and nothing else inside. The booksellers, like the other trades-people, were very indolent, and would hardly rise off their seats to answer a question or hand a tome.

In rambling about for exercise and to make one's observations in the streets, certain peculiarities are constantly to be remarked for some days by the stranger. Thus he will see a water-cart, drawn by rams, and directed by a raper or boy, with a long stick, and perhaps a straw dress on him if it happens to rain. At another turn he will come upon certain old ladies boxed up in an ancient flower-painted coach, which slowly jolts through the streets, dragged by two fine bullocks, and a servant in livery behind it. He then will see the son of a fidalgo seated on a mule, and kicking and spurring it in a circle before the windows of his admiring mother and sisters. On approaching this spirited equestrian, it will be found that an iron ring attached to the saddle surrounds his body, enabling him to show off to great effect, since he is so secured in his seat. A tinkling bell will be heard; silence will immediately prevail among the talkative throng; boleros will pull up their horses, dismount and kneel barchanded beside them; men and women will be seen on their knees, and Protestant strangers will raise their hats; a procession of priests in red garments, bearing banners and crucifixes on poles before the Host, with rapid crossing and muttering of prayers will ensue, until the procession is out of sight. The voices of men singing a hymn will sometimes be heard in the streets, and the sailors of a vessel newly arrived from a distant voyage will be seen, hat in hand, and slowly bearing one of their best suits, with pictures of the saint to whom they had vowed it in their distress. They are about to present it to a church, and then to buy it back again.—*Alexander's Sketches of Portugal.*

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

REV. XXI. AND XXII.

We copy the following hymn from the Christian Psalmist, by the poet MONTGOMERY, in which the version is somewhat different from that given in American hymn books. Montgomery says of this hymn in his preface:

"There is a delightful hymn, page 134, 'Jerusalem, my happy home,' &c., by an unknown hand; but the hymn itself ought never to be unknown, where there is a church on earth training up candidates for the church above. We must not violate the sanctity of this antepast of heaven, by quoting any fragment from it. Let the Christian himself, when his heart is most at home with God, when he is desiring to 'depart and be with Christ, which is far better,' let him then turn to this happy expression of his utmost feelings; for it is so meekly and unostentatiously adorned, that, in any other frame of mind, few readers would dwell long upon it."

Jerusalem! my happy home!

Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls

And dearly gaze behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

O, when, thou city of my God,

Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end!

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,

Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blessed press! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe?

Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,

Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem! my happy home!

My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT!!

We have repeatedly informed the Editor of the Recorder, that the Catholic Church does not, nor never did, withhold authentic versions of the Scriptures from the laity. But that she strictly and sternly prohibits them from reading these corrupt, pernicious, and debased versions issued out by that hypocritical banditti of dishonest and pharisaical deceivers, the Bible Societies, who venally trade in that deleterious commodity, is certain.

If we were before the awful tribunal of God, and were asked to declare what our opinion of the Bible and Temperance canting moralists were, we would solemnly aver, that it is our conviction, that a great part of them are knaves, adulterers, defrauders, and beastly drunkards. We have all heard of "*Parson Beecher's* oil," and, doubtless, he knew well how and when to use it, in the recesses of his own house, though this fellow would preach, vociferously, against the moderate use of ardent spirits.—*Roman Catholic Sentinel.*

SPANISH WEST INDIA PLANTER.

Riding out one afternoon into the country, I was overtaken by one of those showers of rain so common in tropical climates. I fled for shelter to the nearest house, which happened to be the cottage of a poor Xivaro. It was on a slope of a little hill, surrounded by pliant trees, which did not appear to be carefully cultivated; and a large patch of sweet potatoes close by. I placed my horse without ceremony under the projecting roof. I entered the house dwelling with the usual salute, which is the same as in Ireland, "God save all here;" which was courteously answered by the man of the house, who seemed to be about forty years of age. He was dressed in a check shirt and wide linen drawers. He was coiled up in a hammock of such small dimensions that his body was actually doubled in two; one foot rested on the ground, with which he propelled the hammock to and fro; and at intervals with his great toe he turned a large sweet potato, which was roasting on a few embers placed on a flag on the ground close to him, and which, no doubt, was intended for his evening meal. He had a guitar in his hand, from which he produced sounds which appeared to me discordant, but seemed to please him exceedingly.

On my entrance he turned on his side and offered me the hammock, which, of course, I refused to accept. Two small children, perfectly naked, were swinging to and fro in another hammock, and greedily devouring large roasted plantains. The woman of the house was squatting on the floor, feeding four game-cocks, which were lodged in the best part of the house, while the husband every now and then would warn her not to give them too much corn or too much water. They received me with an urbanity unknown to the peasantry of northern Europe. They placed a large leaf of the palm over my saddle to protect it from the rain; and pressed me to sit down in the kindest manner. The host was very communicative: he gave me the whole pedigree of his game-cocks, and enumerated the battles they had won. He pointed one out to me which he said was "a most delicate bird," an expression made use of by the Xivaros, to denote its great value; and he concluded by offering it to me as a present. Indeed, a Xivaro would form a very poor opinion of a person who could not discuss the merits of a game-cock. On going away, they offered me their cabin with as much politeness as if it had been a palace, and hoped to see me again. I was forcibly struck with the native courtesy of these people; and it gratified me to observe the content and happiness they enjoy, without a thought for the present or a care for the future,—without wants, without wishes, without ambition.—*Flinter's Account of Puerto Rico.*

[From the Amaranth.]

"NOT AT HOME."

"Is Mr. Bluster at home?"

"No, he is out of town," remarked the servant.

"When can I see him?"

"I don't know—have you any special business with Mr. Bluster?"

"Yes, there is a small bill which I wish to settle."

"Well," said the servant, "I don't know whether he will return this week or not."

"But I wish to pay the bill, as I am to leave town to-morrow."

"Oh! you wish to pay him some money? He is up stairs; I—[thinking] I will call him. Please to walk into the drawing-room,—take a chair, sir,—your hat, if you please. Mr. Bluster will be with you in a moment."

WORDS, WORDS.—A gentleman lately speaking of a clergyman, whose discourses were by no means deficient in words, said he had frequently known him to whip one idea in a peck measure for a whole afternoon!

CHARACTER OF THE VOICE.

The somewhat fanciful theory enunciated in the following passage, is not, perhaps, altogether destitute of foundation. The extract is from a volume of sermons, recently published in Edinburgh, and written (oddly as it may sound) by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

"I know some young people who choose their friends by the eye—the same as they choose a coat or a vest. I do not disapprove of this altogether; for there certainly is something in every human countenance less or more attractive, or less or more repulsive, and I would trust more to Lavater than to Spurzheim. But never once form the least estimate of a character until you hear him or her speak. The tones of the voice are the best symptoms in the world, whereby to form a true and immediate judgment of a character. They are the chords of the soul, and if you have any ear for music, you may as easily judge of the sterling value of the character, as of a violin or organ. There is not a single feature of a character which is not delineated in the tones of the voice. I have been often taken by the appearance and countenance of young men in public assemblies, and yet the very first time I heard them speak, I found at once that they were consummate blockheads. But whenever I found the countenance and the voice accord in sweetness, I could then form an estimate of the character, which, in all my life, I have never had occasion to change. But there is one thing, I think, I may affirm; that in the whole world, among human beings, as among sheep, there is not one character, countenance, nor voice, exactly like another; and yet, among all this diversity, you will scarcely find two individuals in whom there is not some point of contrast which may render them agreeable and acceptable to each other. We are, indeed, strangely and wonderfully made."

[From the Berkshire Courier.]

BOSTON.

A citizen of the empire State boasts of the grandeur and extent of the city of the Knickerbockers. The business and bustle of its labyrinth of streets—the magnificence of its public edifices—and the Parisian gaiety of its amusements; some one or all of these attractions determines, at once, the preference of the New Yorker. The staid and sober denizen of Pennsylvania, loves the neatness and regularity of the city of brotherly love. And we, genuine natives of the Old Bay State, glory in Boston, the queen of cities, the capital of Yankee land. We look towards it, with somewhat of the same affectionate veneration that the captive Jews felt, when they turned their eyes eastward from the land of the Assyrian, to the holy height of Jerusalem. The very name of Boston calls up some of the proudest recollections of other days. There stands old Faneuil Hall, the cradle of the then infant Liberty, where the dauntless Samuel Adams, the proscribed patriot, walked the echoes of Independence,—where James Otis, the intrepid Otis, "Isaiah and Ezekiel united," poured forth a torrent of eloquence, which breathed the breath of life into his audience, and kindled upon the altar of Freedom a flame, which, we trust, will never be extinguished. On the Common still flourishes the magnificent elm, the "Tree of Liberty," an appropriate emblem of the giant growth of republican principles. The "Old South" Church still lifts its venerable spire; the same sacred edifice, which the British troops once used as a circus. On the summit of Beacon Hill, where the watch-fires flashed up so often in the perilous times of British aggression, yet stands the then magnificent residence of the first Governor of Massachusetts—the aristocratic John Hancock—the proscribed rebel, John Hancock, whose name stands at the head of the signatures to the Declaration of Independence. In the southern part of the city, the rude old dwelling house of the Rev. Mather Byles yet remains, occupied by three octogenarian old maids, daughters of the reverend wit.

The vicinity of Boston, too, is eloquent with reminiscences of those days when American Independence was born. For, allowing to Virginian heroes and patriots all the glory due to them as co-workers in the sacred cause, we still claim for the rebel Yankees of the Old Bay State, the high honor of being pioneers

in the arduous work of opposing the insolence and power of England.

Aside, too, from the hallowed recollections which cluster around the name of Boston, we are proud of her for what she now is. We are proud of her advancement in knowledge—her splendid achievements in science—the high tone of her literature—the excellence of her schools—and her general intelligence and virtue. We are proud of her public men—her orators and statesmen, and her enlightened clergy. We are proud, too, of her active and diffusive benevolence, which builds again the cities of the South and West, which the elements had destroyed, and whose genial influence is commensurate with the sufferings of humanity.

Boston is the pride of Yankee land—the Queen of the North—the nursing mother of the great and the good.

PLEASURE.

It is difficult to say what pleasure means. Pleasure bears a different sense, to every different person. Pleasure to a country Miss just come out, means a race ball, and so many partners, that she has danced till she can hardly stand. Pleasure to an aspirant after fashion means, a card for Devonshire House, or a nod from Lady—. Pleasure to a school-boy, means, tying a string to his school-fellow's toe when he is asleep and pulling it till it awakes him. Pleasure to a man of inquiring mind, means, a toad inside a stone, or a beetle running with his head off. Pleasure to a man of taste, means a first rate artist, and a good dinner. Pleasure to a fine lady, means, having something to do to drive away the time. Pleasure to an antiquarian, means, an illegible inscription. Pleasure to a connoisseur, means, a dark, invisible, very fine picture. Pleasure to a philosopher, means, liking nothing, despising every thing, and proving every one a simpleton except himself. Pleasure to a beggar, means, a sovereign by mistake, instead of a shilling. Pleasure to the sailor, a fresh breeze and a sight of land. Pleasure to the afflicted, a tear. Pleasure to the sweetest of all tempers, the last word in an argument. Pleasure to the social, a human face divine. Pleasure to the morose, "I shan't see a soul for the next six months." Pleasure to an author, the last page of his manuscript—bliss inexpressible, "Finis." Pleasure to all, to every one in his own way, and that way a different one.—*Miss Anne Grey.*

[From the Western Luminary.]

INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS.

"A word in season, how good is it!"

I recollect at a certain meeting in South Carolina, the power of the Highest was present to heal. On going one day into the room where inquirers, so called, were assembled, I saw an interesting young man who had evidently come into the meeting through mistake. After conversing with many, I came to him, and perceiving he seemed as one astonished, I observed, "This is an inquiry meeting, are you willing to be conversed with, sir?" "No, sir!" replied he, "I am not." "Very well," said I, "I will not converse with you as you do not desire it—but, remember, sir, you have a soul, you must die, and you must go to the judgment bar." Having said this I passed on to converse with others. About three weeks after, I met with a Baptist brother, who asked me if I recollect the young man in the inquiry meeting, who did not wish me to talk to him. "O yes," said I, "Well," said he, "I baptized that young man last Sabbath, and he told me it was the remark you made to him which was blessed to his conversion."

A sweet little girl, five or six years of age, Ann Elizabeth R—, went home from meeting one day (after the children had been addressed) much impressed. At table, after telling her father, who was a very irreligious man, something about the meeting, she said to him—"Papa, do you pray?" Not liking the question, he replied in an angry manner, "It is your mother, or aunt Sally, that put you up to that, my little girl." "No, papa," says she, "the preacher said we ought all to pray. Papa, do you pray?" Yet more angry, he replied, "Well, you and your mother, and your aunt Sally may go your way, and I will go mine." The dear little girl, looking up in her father's face with much simplicity, said, "*Papa, which way are you going?*" The word reached his heart. Immediately he burst into tears, arose from the table, rushed into another room, and begged his wife to pray for him. "O," says he, "do you think that such a sinner as I am can be saved?"

TO THE WINDOW.—Said Dr. Edwards, in a late missionary meeting at New York, "Leave your fatherless children, and let your widows trust in me. Which is the best, to have an earthly father and protector,—or to have the Lord, the Lord God, gracious and merciful, slow to anger and abundant in kindness—saying, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee?'"

REMOVAL.

CHARLES B. MASON has removed from No. 15 Dock Square to No. 10 Clinton Street, where he keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of Hats, Caps and Umbrellas. Hats and Caps made to order at short notice. March 11.

LIVE GESE AND RUSSIA FEATHERS, AT Nos. 8 & 10 DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON. ROGERS & HASKELL offer for sale best Northern and Western Live Geese and Russia FEATHERS, which are warranted fine from small or moths. March 11.

BOOKS FOR MOTHERS.

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